

King. With all my heart.

Prince. Then brother *Iohn of Lancaster*,
To you this honourable bountie shall belong,
Go to the *Douglas* and deliuer him
Vp to his pleasure ransom him and free.
His valour shewne vpon our Crests to day,
Hath taught vs how to cherish such high deedes,
Euen in the bosome of our aduersaries.

King. Then this remaines, that we diuide our Power,
You Sonne *Iohn*, and my coosen *Westmerland*,
Towards *Torke* shall bend you with your deereft speed,
To meete *Northumberland* and the Prelate *Scroope*,
Who (as we heare) are busily in armes:
My selfe and you, Sonne *Harry*, will towards *Wales*,
To fight with *Glendower*, and the Earle of *March*.
Rebellious in this Land shall loose his way,
Meeting the checke of such another day:
And since this businesse so faire is done,
Let vs not leaue till all our owne be wonne.

F I N I S.

*John Clarke is the true
owner of this Book;*

